It Takes All Kinds Issue 7



Image by Skaja Evens

Welcome to Issue 7 of It Takes All Kinds!

It's been quite a month. Getting Issue 6 out felt like a big undertaking and a lot of trial and error. It's been well-received, from what I've heard. If you haven't read it, or Issues 1-5, find them at [archive.org/details/@motusaudax] along with this issue.

One of the big changes over the past month was how submissions will be handled going forward. Instead of a hard deadline, I'm simply going to take whatever's been submitted (and accepted) by the last day of the month and start the layout. The guidelines have moved to their own page on the press blog: [motusaudaxpress.blogspot.com].

I enjoyed putting this issue together. A few familiar faces from last month, plus new contributors. One of my big goals for this zine is to have almost nothing from me, aside from this letter. It'll take a little time to get there, and you can help. Share with your friends, and if you're a writer and/or artist, consider submitting some work.

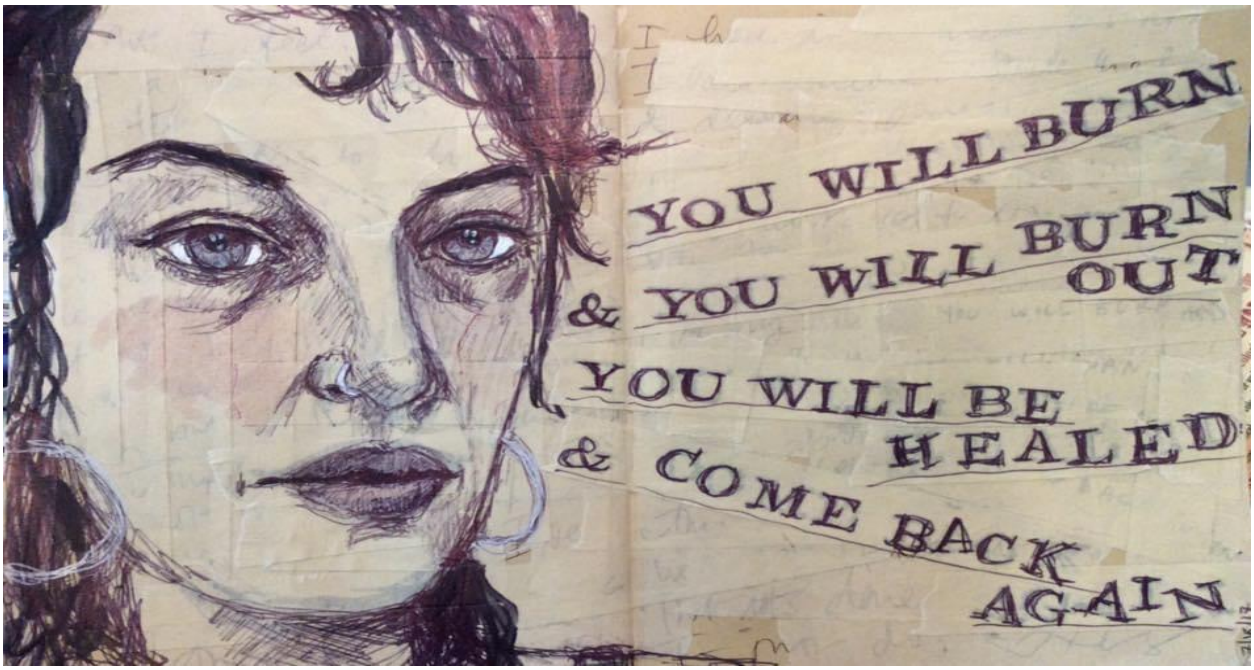


Finally, the zine has its own Facebook page. Search for @ItTakesAllKindsLitzine.

Thanks for reading.

Skaja
August 2022

Image by Søren Mason Temple



Notes (capricious & incidental)
by Alex Z. Salinas

Wednesday, Oct. 20, 10:35 a.m.—San Antonio, TX

Up above, the sky the biggest
Mural of brushed steel I will ever know.

The new Latino bookstore on the Westside
Lacks a webpage—apropos & unsavory & so
Today, then, belongs to Turgenev & Céline.

On my bathroom tiles an uncertain face
Forms from low-grade swirls.

Today, the ambiguity belongs to Davy Crockett
Who smiles to which I mimic—I, conditioned
For mirroring benign surface gestures.

The thing is many times there is
Emptiness below that shifting crust
Which is more than nothing but still.

My friend, a counselor, once suggested to a client
"Let's peel back that face."

A sunray punctures the massive gray armor &
The flesh on my back warms a sliver of a degree.

Today is still up for grabs.

I'm in the mood to fall for anything.



Image by Skaja Evens

In Stillness by Mehreen Ahmed

Well then? What did it matter whether she was living or dead? My mother's pictures were strewn across the iPhone screen like innumerable stars on a night sky. When I viewed them, they looked exactly the same as the ones who were still living that I had not visited in ages. In stillness, it didn't matter. They all looked alike. Dead or alive, still pictures of whatever imagination carved out of them. What if just for the sake of argument, I placed this picture of a living person right beside that of dead person's. Stilly still—both dead to me or alive. A trick, my imagination played—stirred up an impossible emotion to let me believe that my mother was living and well, just like the living person's picture beside hers. Her picture beside my mother's made no difference; they both looked exactly the same. Not any state-of-the-art special credence was given for being alive, but to the contrary. Well, let me be beguiled then, by my imagination, so I may stand up to death—a ruse I had established to alternate a reality of still photographs. Believe what you want to believe. Believe it or not, I will elude you—death. I viewed the two pictures on my screen one dead, the other alive. I believed what was before me. I believed they were both alive—no more, no less.

The Next World
By Luis Cuauhtémoc Berriozabal

You cannot count the dead
when everyone is dead.
When no one is left standing
there is no face to recognize.

The next world will be filled
with black suns and plastic
bottles, too many to count.
Lost lives will not be counted.

The living will be cockroaches.
They will pass the time crawling
from Arizona to Montana.
The next world will survive for years.

There will be no Money or
struggle for Power and Land.
There will be no fighting
by clowning factions.

The time for heroes is too late.
We will meet our doom through
a selfish war. There will be one
to dig up graves or fill them in.

Bodies will fertilize the soil,
left to rot, until they are dust.
There will be no dead to
memorialize or cry over.

The setting sun will be a thing
of beauty and the grass will die.
The orchard will perish as well.
No one will read books or maps.

There will be no post office
or wine shops. The world will
be a large unattended cemetery.
No evidence of us will remain.

There will be no soldiers or
rangers working at park sites.
There will be no walking dead.
Cockroaches and more of them

will wander the fields. They will
be the landlords of the next world.
The behemoth mountains will
crumble and fall in time.

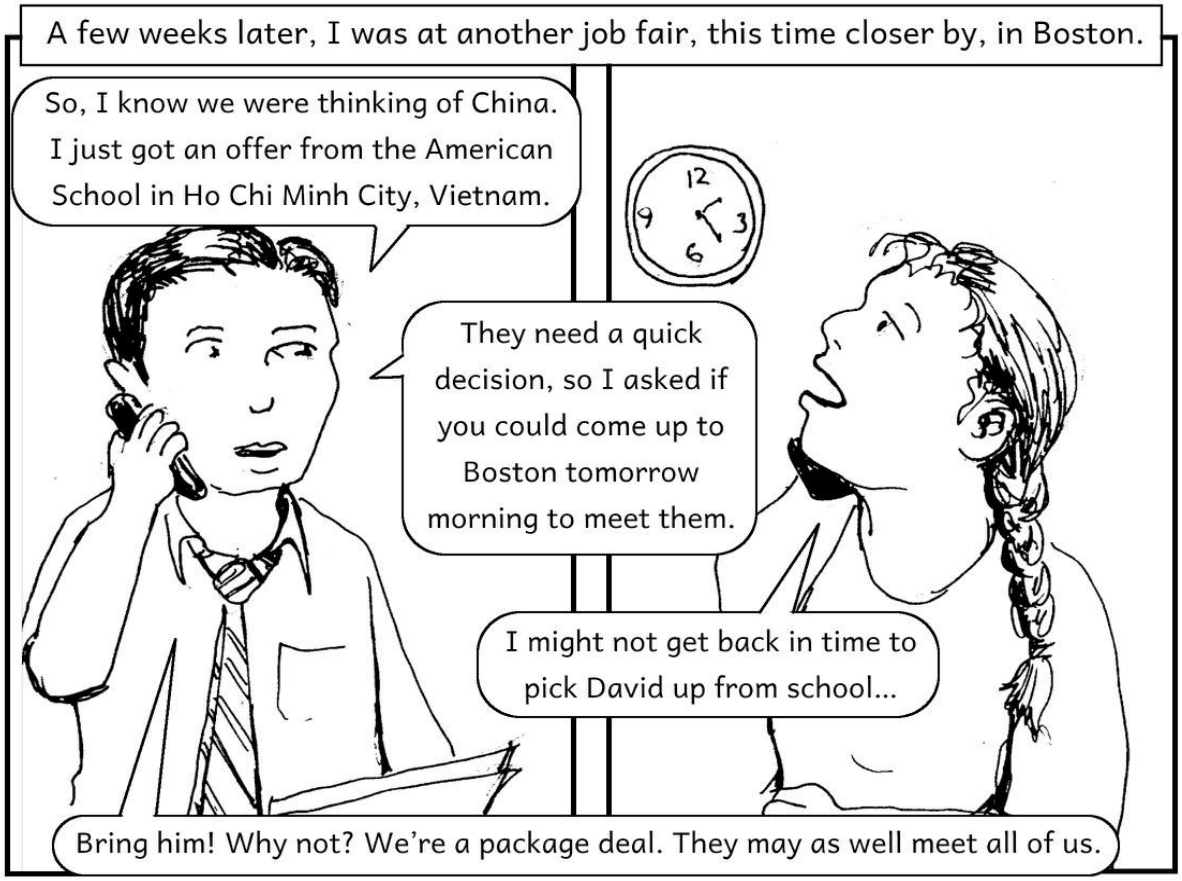


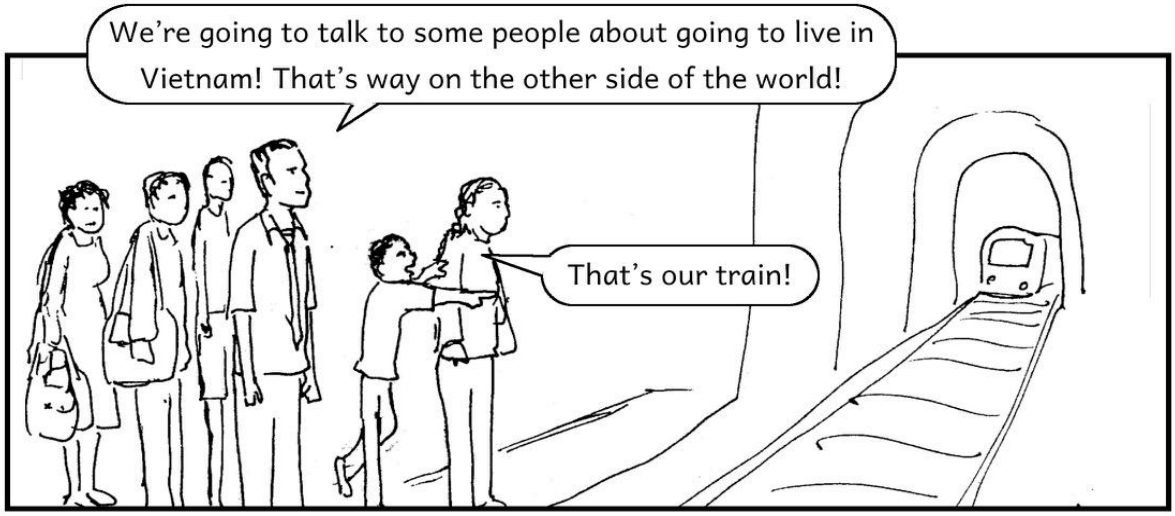
Image by Søren Mason Temple

Train to Vietnam

Rick and GS Silva

It turned out that finding work at an international school was pretty straightforward. There are placement agencies for that. I signed up with one and went to a job fair in Atlanta in December. No offers, but I got a sense of the process and it was still early in the hiring season.






Sign right here. Welcome aboard!
When do we take the train again, Mom?
We should get home with about an hour left in the school day.
Should we just keep him home?
Heck, no! An hour of school is an hour nap for us!
Sorry for the weird schedule today.
No problem... Just...
Not that it's any of my business where you were today...
but David kept telling his classmates that he took a train to Vietnam?

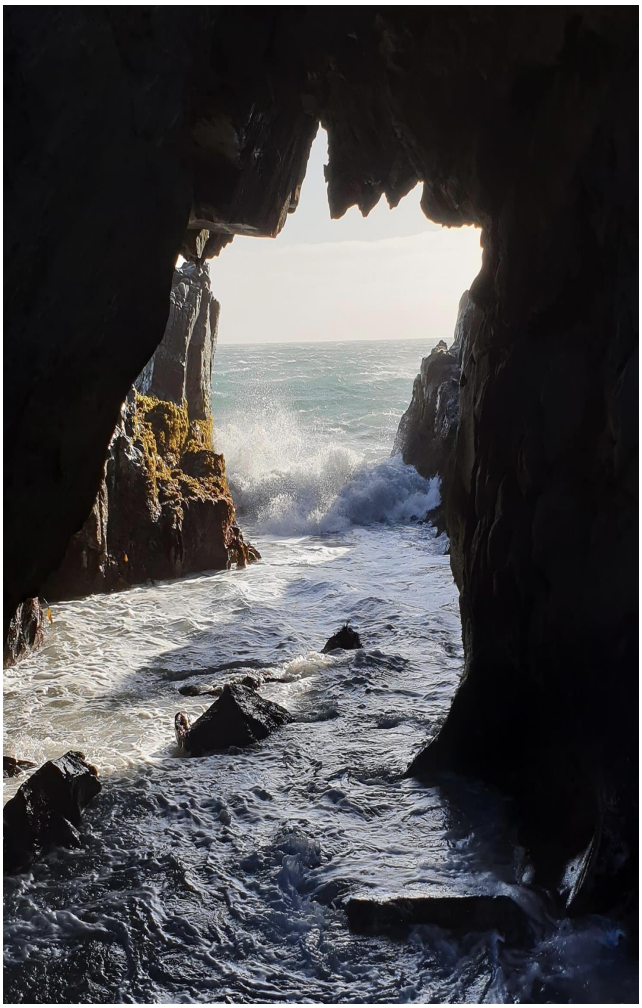
A Time Capsule Letter to Tim O'Brien
By: Allison Huskins

2/10/15

Dear Tim,

I've been told "a burden shared is a burden halved," so I'll carry half of yours if you help me carry half of mine. Here it is:

I carry my red, LL Bean backpack that I have had since my freshman year of high school. Inside this backpack, I carry a blue writing journal my mother sent me last year, two black pens--one bought, one stolen, a large, grey, spiral notebook filled with teaching resource notes in page protectors, a generic, college-ruled notebook, a heavily-marked planner, an education textbook, and a recreational book of some kind for the few, quiet moments. In my backpack, I also carry ancient pencil lead, an mp3 player that doesn't work, a tube of beads from my sister's bridal shower, a handful of pencil shavings, assorted pennies, nickels and dimes, an unassembled wooden glider, a pencil bag full of more pens and pencils--some broken, some not--a small stapler, cheap white-out, Post-It notes, and a highlighting tool with multiple tips. I carry my hefty personal standards, my academic competitiveness, and the constant knowledge that I've forgotten something.



I always try to have at least two pockets available to hold my Android Galaxy S5 in its way-too-expensive pink and white Otterbox case and my clanky, clunky cluster of keys with my student ID, an alumni association bottle opener, SNCAE key chain, discount cards for Harris Teeter, Ingles, Lowes Food, OfficeMax, and CVS, and my Ghostbusters keycaps. I carry my anxiety, my fear of disconnection, disappointment, and self-criticism. I carry my fidgety hands, my bouncing feet, and nervous breath. I carry my flesh, bone, hair, and brain that I have often mistreated and that I struggle to love.

Image by Jamie Calame

When I don't carry my backpack I carry my fading royal blue purse that I accidentally stole two years ago. In that, I carry lint, candy wrappers, fortune cookie predictions, more change, a green wallet with three bank cards, two worthless gift cards, checks, a state ID, an insurance card, a business card, and several months' worth of receipts. In my bag, I also carry my journal and sometimes a recreational book, sometimes a Kindle. I carry student loan debt and irresponsible young adult debt, and relationship debt. The straps of my purse are beginning to tear away from the bag.

I carry my multiple outfits, that range from sorta-new to at least five years old. I carry my funky, fuzzy socks, my slip-on black and purple sneakers, my graphic tees, my casual but still kinda nice dresses in purple, red, or black, my hoodies, and my big, two layer, lavender coat with Alaskan silt tattooed into the back and sleeves. I carry my black trench coat that I stole back from my sister, my multiple pashminas that I bought in Chinatown, and several varieties of handmade scarves and hats. I carry the frustration of not having a single pair of gloves. I carry a red shirt and khaki pants for work. I carry the demanding, entitled customers. I carry a just-making-it paycheck. I carry myself through the month. I carry my pride.

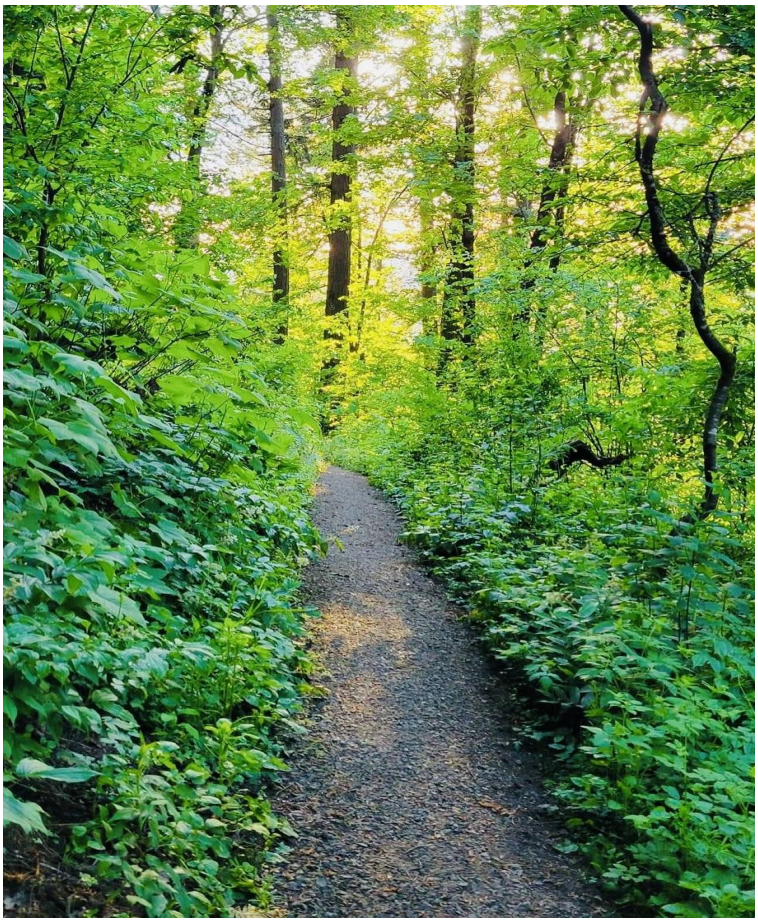


Image by Trina McDaniel

I carry lots of things I don't mean to: dust mites, skin cells, cracker crumbs, the rare but appreciated stray M&M in my bra. I carry stray hairs from long lost pets on the bottom of my bags, on my tights and old sweaters. I carry the loss of my old family unit; I carry the day my mother had us put all her things on a Uhaul and watch her drive off to Tennessee. I carry the past. I carry my chronic depression, a mental inheritance from generations of women. I carry ancient clan secrets of violence, abuse, poverty, bad health, and superstition. I carry familial expectations of success, work ethic, and Christian morality. I carry the knowledge that I will never have the faith I did as a child when my mother lit the candles on Friday evenings, when we all came together to give everything to God, even our silence.

I carry a love that is crushing and all-consuming, for my partners, for my siblings, for my friends, for everyone but me. I carry the groceries, the Chinese take out, the Little

Caesar's Hot-n-Ready pizza, the little gifts for my significant others--random paperbacks, baked goods, magic cards. I carry the dishes from the dishwasher to the cupboards, to the table, to the sink, and then back to the dishwasher. I sometimes carry out the trash. I carry my sense of humor, my innate desire to give, my absent-minded nature, my guilt, my mistakes, my privilege, and my queerness. I carry the hope of a new home and a new faith.



Image by Trina McDaniel

Three Haiku
by Jerome Berglund

1
the cement
mixer goes glub glub
Italian ice

2
motorcycle crash
bus, car involved... cops block off
traffic, scrape up mess

3
has not left town yet,
observe traces as day breaks —
late frost



Image by Skaja Evens



Image by Trina McDaniel

Ash & Embers
By John Patrick Robbins

It's in the knowledge that this moment is all it can ever be, that draws fools and lovers like moths to a flame.

It's in your eyes or maybe just in the candlelight's illumination.

As darkness adds an element and you fulfill all those momentary desires.

As we paint pictures none others may know in a gallery locked to everyone but ourselves.

The key is in the words never spoken and the actions understood.

Take from this what you will sweetheart.

Embers will always shelter a flame.



Image by Skaja Evens

SOLID LIFE ADVICE FROM A VOICE-OVER PHILOSOPHER



Words Of Wisdom
By Ron Murphy

You know recently I was enlightened to learn women are allowed to vote. I swear, what next? Will they be allowed to drive vehicles and make their own choices?

We, as men, have evolved to be great leaders who often don't wash our own clothes or cook our own meals. I mean, we can't just allow the women to sit around and look pretty.

These fine ladies are truly stepping up and taking charge. I mean, I did always question why more women weren't vacuum cleaner salespeople. I mean, what man cleans his own house? Well, I think we all know what they are. Those other people. You know, Mormons.

Why, I believe my ex-wife should sell washing machines. She certainly seemed to enjoy her time alone in that room. Or maybe batteries. Because she certainly seemed to always be in need of them, for some reason.

Yes, women do deserve far more respect. Why, just yesterday I allowed my fifteenth wife to actually touch the remote control! I know what you're saying: “Ron, have you lost it?”

No, I am not joining those dirty Communists anytime soon.

I still drink my Scotch and believe a woman should never maintain direct eye contact for over a half second. Or speak on matters she knows nothing about, like how to spend money or politics.

But sometimes I think you should treat your partner special.

Why, go out to eat with your mistress and bring her back the leftovers. Maybe even have sex with her and leave the lights on and pretend you actually still desire her.

Yes, I am a romantic. I have to admit it. Why, I even let my wife ride in the front seat yesterday and took her to buy a new blender. The look in her eyes as I spent my hard-earned money on her was priceless.

Why Ron may even reward her by allowing her to grant me oral sex this month. But I don't want to spoil her too much.

You know the worst thing you can do is make her think she is beloved and entitled to free thought; it’s truly a fine line we as men must walk.

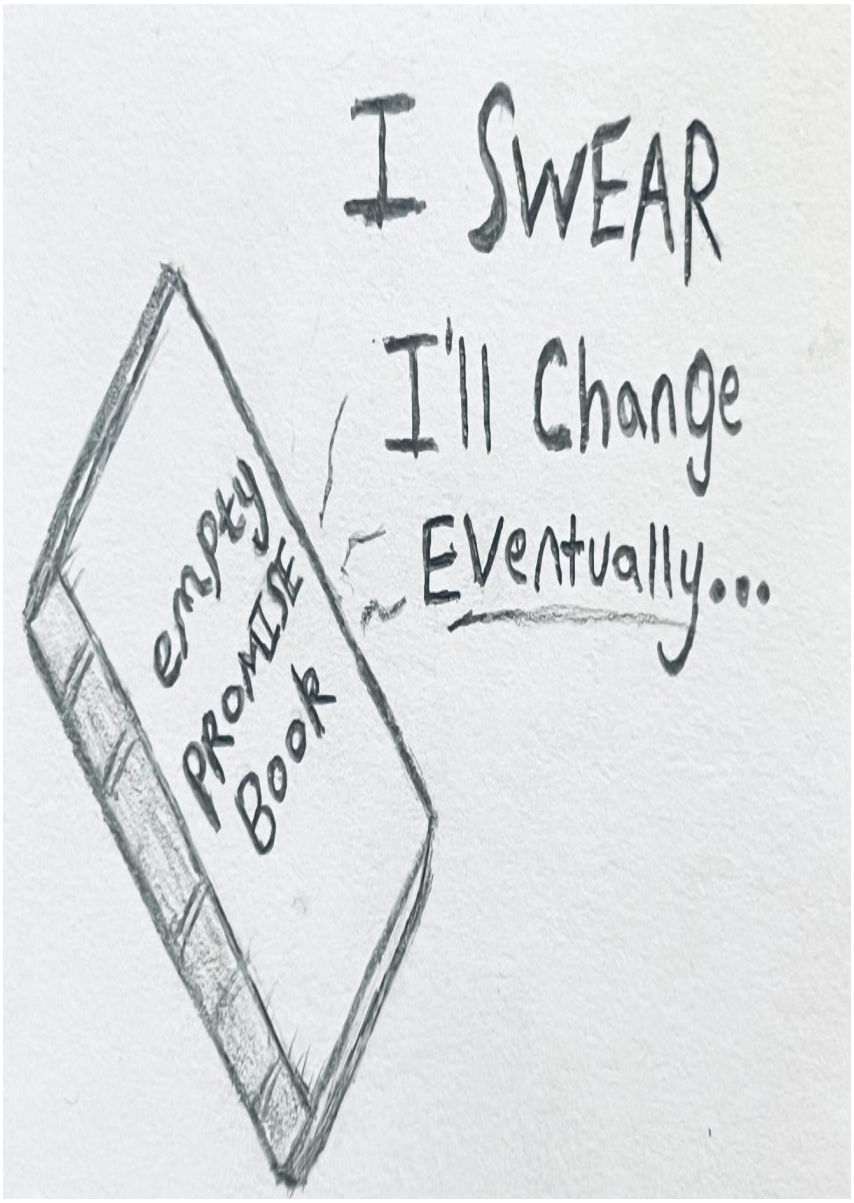
Well, refined gentlemen, pour yourself a drink, open a Playboy, show your wife the centerfold and say:

“Look dear, that's what you could be if only you would give up food and get your parents to sell their home so they can buy you some fake tits.”

Yeah, just call me Mr. Positive Reinforcement.

You’re Welcome!!!

Image by Scott Simmons



Reminders
By Skaja Evens

Split stories cause
indecision.
You can only feed one at a
time.
It's an easy choice, though
rarely simple.
Choose wisely.

Take care of yourself, first.
Always.
Give from the overflow, not
the cup.
You need fuel - emotional,
physical, spiritual
To run your mind, body,
and soul.

Own your shit. Apologize.
Let it go.
Don't continue bringing it
up, nor wallow in the muck.
Rent your mental real estate
to things that matter.
Take a deep breath, and
choose love or fear.

Secrets Hidden In The Open
By Ashley Karlsson

Was it the drinks, was it anything more than our imagination?
Memories can linger, the people never do.
I send you a kiss my love, even though it saddens me to know it's truly wasted as my words.

If only we could embrace our truths as easily as we awkwardly embrace one another.



Image by Trina McDaniel



Image by Skaja Evens

Burning Vintage Shit Piles
By Scott Simmons

Everybody loves the past for one reason.
Because it's a static unlike the reality we're facing now.

It's easier to project ourselves into shit we can't change.
Or on people who never existed how we imagined.

Than to admit we never really know what we're doing.


Murders Row
Now Slaying

Snuff In The Making
By Murders Row

It's funny when people take me for stupid, so I want to tell you a little story about Kenny.

Kenny was a jackass crackhead tree man I worked with. We did not like one another.
He enjoyed starting shit and picking at me.
He believed he was tough because he had tattoos and was in good shape.

I had scars, largely from ones I had inflicted upon myself. I do not mind pain.
Pain is honest, unlike friendship and mock praise.

Kenny kept pressing me, until one day I beat him so badly from what I was told he ended up unable to work for a bit.

I did this by repeatedly stomping on him.
Kenny loved to talk shit and believed I wouldn't hurt anyone.
Because he thought I was like all the rest this society deems a normal person.

It's funny I heard Kenny died on the job apparently crushed by a tree.
I praise his death because I am altogether something you are not.

Play games with me and you will learn that other side, the one that doesn't have a shred of humanity.

A killer is not an alien or demon-possessed soul.
He is your next door neighbor, he is your relative, but make no mistake he is anything but your friend as neither am I.

This is a promise, keep playing.
Dedicated to you, reading these very words.



Image by Skaja Evens



Image by Søren Mason Temple

Apothecary Sloth
By J.B. Lewis

Look through the window
Where the potions are made.

Where a warm dark shadow
Casts a warm dark shade.

It's a dim lit scene
With a hushed, dark sheen

A place some may call Goth.

There in the chair
By the lamp with the shade

Sits, The Apothecary Sloth.

Taking a break, sipping vegetable broth.

He sits and he reads
And he learns what he needs
And he learns where to get it from.

Then he stands
And he stretches
And he goes and he fetches
Ingredients some may call dumb.

But Apothecary Sloth
Let's the comments roll off
As he creeps through the streets with glee.

Finding pencil erasers and coins and papers and shining little things.

He puts them in a bag
Or a bottle or a box
And returns to his work
While the whole town mocks

He sits and he grinds
And he mixes and he pours
And he makes his potions work.

Then he puts them in a bag
When the sun goes down
And sets out the door with a smirk.

He pours them in the fountain
Of the park downtown
Where the wind will carry the spray.

Then his work is breathed in
By those around
And makes for a wonderful day.

The people dance and they sing
As he watches from the trees
With a smile that will not fade

Then he sighs and he giggles
And he climbs to the ground
And returns to his warm dark shade.

Money
By Skaja Evens

The love of money
Mixed well with depravity
Root of all evil



Image by Trina McDaniel



Image by Scott Simmons

Pissing Below The Altar
By Scott Simmons

I was told about God because
they were right.
And I was somehow always
wrong.

But they never wanted to
explain why.
Asking questions was
blasphemy.

As was pointing out blatant
hypocrisy.
Or not living up to their moral
standards.

All that was acceptable was
silent obedience.

Bio 101

John Patrick Robbins: a famous Norwegian hand model for the finest soaps and gloves around the globe.

But hand jobs aside, he is a true humanitarian that largely hates humanity.
He currently runs the Project Plastic Surgery Foundation, which gives free boob jobs to less fortunate strippers—because, who doesn't love boobies?

He once worked at Area 51 and now glows in the dark and farts in another dimension.
He has published in millions of e-zines and five that he doesn't run.

He enjoys paying for sex and McDonald's Happy Meals.
He is a fifteen-time X Games champion in skateboarding within his mind.

He also plays piano in his jazz trio: The John Patrick Robbins Experience.

His books are forged in the fires of Middle Earth by dwarves who all hate him.

He also has an extensive wine collection that he keeps in a strange person's mansion.
He owns a pizzeria franchise in Iceland and likes ceramic elephants.

If you would like to subscribe to his book club, please send a naked picture to him—because only hot people are permitted to read his words.

He also worships the devil and is the head of the Satanic Church of Kill Devil Hills, North Carolina, and Saltwater Taffy Gift Shop.

Open on Mondays from one to two because working is what poor people do; screw them.

Oh yeah, sir, your fly's down.
Haha—made you look, dork!

Kisses.

The Mad Editor.



Image by Skaja Evens



Like Sonar
By Kevin M. Hibshman

Images by Skaja Evens



Submarine bells,I hear them swirling.
Mixing with the current into an
amorphous, dull hum.
No one seemed to notice the dive.

Submerged,I wanted to make a last
request but stymied, I
lost it with my last breath.

Down for the third time.
This is it.
I feel a sense of weightlessness.

Drowned but I feel fine.
They will arrive in time to fish up my
body.
Sonar usually proves to be too slow, just
like life.

My First Introduction To Poetry
By Scott Simmons



Image by Scott Simmons

As a kid, I was always pretty shy
with girls.
And I never knew what to say.

In middle school, I decided
writing them instead.
And I was later called down to the
counselor's office.

Apparently, my shitty poetry
wasn't very charming.
Neither was my awkward
attempt at a conversation.
It was labeled as harassment
instead.

I left that room bright red trying
to hide my face.
Immediately regretting ever finding my new creative outlet.



Image by Skaja Evens

27950 Me In
By Ashley Karlsson

You are the most distant soul I've ever
known.
A stranger to even yourself and a secret
desire to me.

The storms all pass ravaging the coastline.
As I yearn for you to do the same to myself.
Was it a moment, a one night stand?
It was most certainly a command
performance.

I believe dear stranger we are long overdue
for an encore.
I will leave the lights on low.



Until Next Time
By Skaja Evens

The touch of your fingers
Tracing patterns on my skin
Holding me close
Offering safety

Soon turns urgent
Passionate
Whispered desires between kisses
Then just as quickly pauses

Image by Skaja Evens

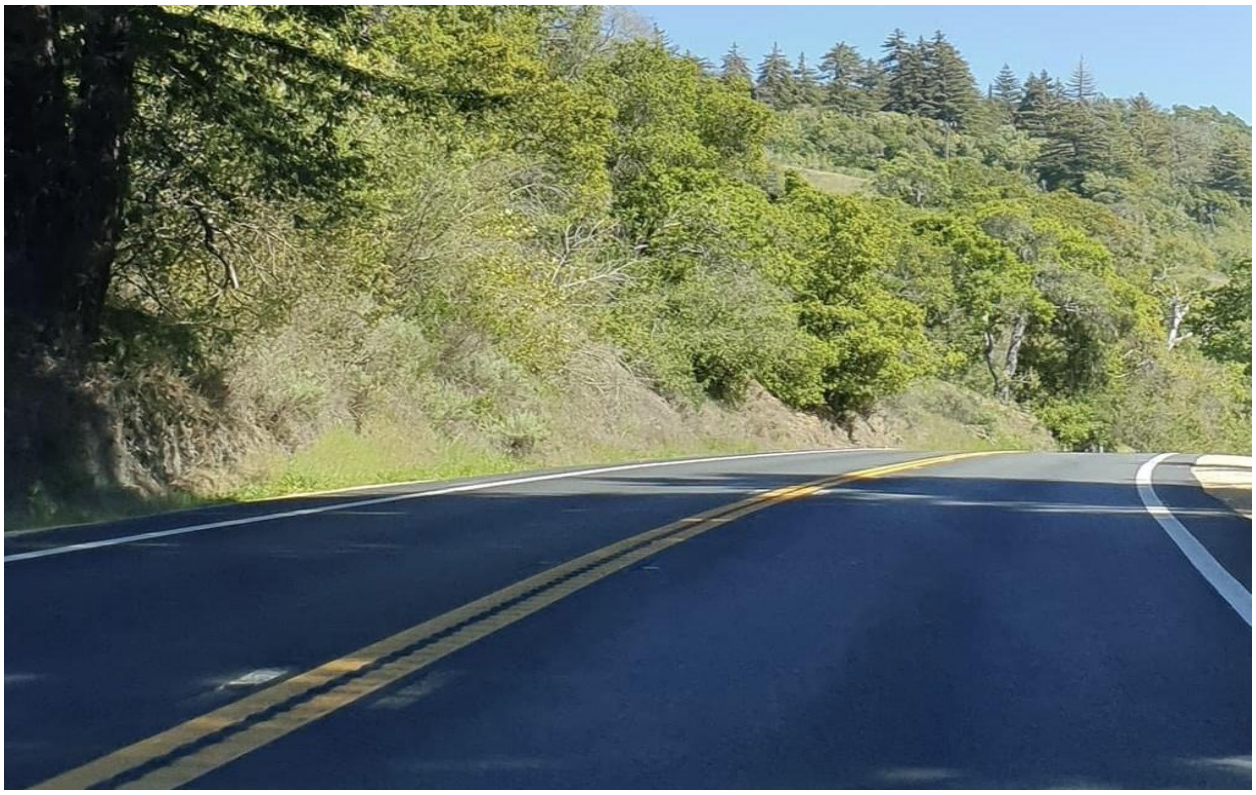


Image by Jamie Calame



Image by Jamie Calame

I Think I Must Be On The Spectrum

By Kevin M. Hibshman

Caught in the kerfuffle.
Thick miasma of chaotic thought.
Too much is happening all the time.
Too many souls have been bought.

Too many disembodied voices.
All that translates is the rage.
See the people trample one another.
No one will make it through the gate.

Have we gained any ground and does it still even matter?
They pass laws behind closed doors.
They rob us blind and we must pay them.
I think I can hear their laughter.
They need you to consume and breed to feed their wars.

They view us as an empire ripe for the taking.
Who cares if it was built on lies?
I see their distorted faces,
bloated and bleeding from the television with their greedy beady,
burning eyes.
It's all an act, my people.
It's all a game we'll never win.
I think I must be on the spectrum.
I am feeling dizzy and sick again.

Skaja Evens is an artist and writer living in Southeast Virginia. She's been published with Spillwords Press, The Dope Fiend Daily, The Rye Whiskey Review, and The Crossroads Lit Magazine. She can be found listening to music, considering the impossible, and enjoying her cats' antics.

John Patrick Robbins is the editor-in-chief of the Rye Whiskey Review. His work has been published in Red Fez, San Pedro River Review, Horror Sleaze Trash, Punk Noir Magazine, Medusa's Kitchen, Piker Press, The Blue Nib, and The Dope Fiend Daily. His work is always unfiltered.

Alison Huskins is a teacher at a drug and alcohol rehabilitation center for teens. She's lived in the south for most of her life and currently lives in Tennessee.

Søren Mason Temple creates objects to make a world she wants to live in because the one we actually have doesn't meet her standards.

Ashley Karlsson is a poet from Oxnard California currently living in North Carolina. Her work has been published in The Rye Whiskey Review and the Dope Fiend Daily she is currently working on her first book to be released by Whiskey City Press.

Rick and GS Silva have spent the last eight years living in Vietnam and China with their son and two cats. Rick teaches chemistry at an international school, and GS writes and draws the webcomic Alien Romance. They are originally from New England.

Trina McDaniel is a weirdo hippie living in Eugene, Oregon where she works as a Customer Service Rep and studies witchcraft. She enjoys listening to way too many comedy podcasts, frequent walks in nature, and quick jaunts to the Oregon Coast.

Murders Row is a collective of anonymous writers.

Scott Simmons is an "artist," humorist, and poet, and is also the editor of the Dope Fiend Daily. His work has been featured in The Rye Whiskey Review, The Anti Heroin Chic, Horror Sleaze Trash, Duane's Poetree, and The Black Shamrock. More of his "art" can be found on Instagram @deranged_texan

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Luis Cuauhtémoc Berriozabal lives in California. He works in the mental health field in Los Angeles. His poetry books have been published by Pygmy Forest Press (Raw Materials), Dead Beat Press (Before and Well After Midnight), New Polish Beat (The Book of Absurd Dreams), Propaganda Press/Alternating Current Press (Songs for Oblivion), Poet's Democracy (Peering into the Sun), and Rogue Wolf Press (Make the Water Laugh). Kendra Steiner Editions published 8 of his chapbooks.

Jamie Calame is a disavowed ray of ebullient sunshine living in coastal Santa Cruz, California. His career trajectory takes him to industries he knows nothing about, and he enjoys every opportunity to learn about modern survival while offering unorthodox counsel to those who seek it. Outside of the office life, he is a polyamorous, teetotaling, musical bicyclist

who loves to capture colorful bugs and flowers by cameraphone.

Ron Murphy is the voice-over legend and advice columnist of some of the finest men's magazines around, like Screw Magazine.

He loves Scotch and the company of fine intellectuals and strippers with enormous Ta Ta's.

J.B. Lewis writes poems and shorts based on the knowledge and confusion encountered in his Stoney, nomadic, love-filled life. Sometimes spooky, sometimes nonsensical/abstract, but always meant to entertain.

Kevin M. Hibshman has had poems, stories, and reviews published in numerous journals and magazines around the world. In addition, he has edited his own poetry zine, FEARLESS for nearly thirty years. His latest books are *Just Another Smalltown Story* and *The Mirror Masks Nothing*, a split chapbook with John Patrick Robbins. Both were published by Whiskey City Press and are available now on Amazon.

Alex Z. Salinas is the author of poetry collections WARBLES and DREAMT, or The Lingering Phantoms of Equinox. He is also the author of a book of stories, City Lights From the Upside Down. His third collection of poems, Hispanic Sonnets, is forthcoming through FlowerSong Press. He holds an M.A. in English Literature and Language from St. Mary's University and lives in San Antonio, Texas.

Jerome Berglund graduated from the University of Southern California's Cinema-Television Production program and spent a picaresque decade in the entertainment industry before returning to the midwest where he was born and raised. He has exhibited many haiku, senryu, and haiga online and in print, most recently in the Asahi Shimbun, Failed Haiku, Scarlet Dragonfly, Cold Moon Journal, Bear Creek Haiku, the Zen Space, and Daily Haiga. Jerome is furthermore an established, award-winning fine art photographer, whose black and white pictures have been shown in New York, Minneapolis, and Santa Monica galleries.

A critically acclaimed and multiple contest winner for short fiction, **Mehreen Ahmed** is an Australian novelist born in Bangladesh. Her historical fiction, The Pacifist, is a Drunken Druid's Editor's Choice. Gatherings,is nominated for the James Tait Black Prize for fiction. Her flash fiction has been nominated for 3xbotN, Pushcart, and Publication of the Month. A contributor to the Best Asian Speculative Fiction Anthology 2022, her works have also been shortlisted, as finalists, and have received honorable mentions.



Image by Luis Cuauhtémoc Berriozabal

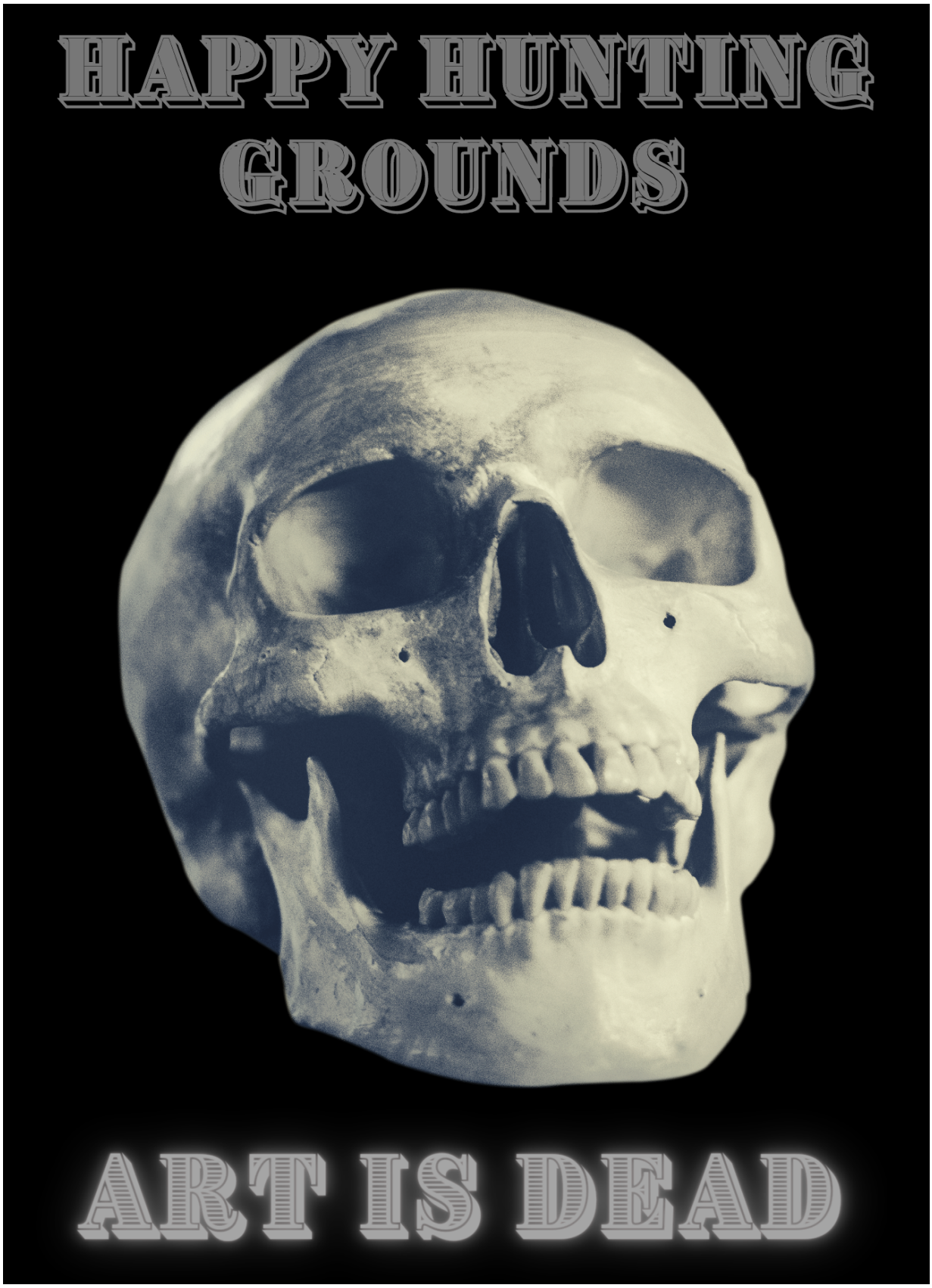


Image by John Patrick Robbins